

THE ISLAND OF REGENERATION

By
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAYMOND
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SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She finds a human skeleton, the skeleton of a dog, a Bible and a silver box. She leads her to the conclusion that her companion was cast ashore on the island when a child, and that his name is John. She finds a human skeleton, the skeleton of a dog, a Bible and a silver box. She leads her to the conclusion that her companion was cast ashore on the island when a child, and that his name is John.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Her training had not been manual, but she was bright enough to supplement her lack of skill and after some hours of hard work she actually got one oar in an upright position and securely lashed. Out of the heavy cloak—more a huge circular than anything else—she improvised a sail with the other oar as a boom thrust across the boat between the mast and the little forward deck. The coat had been heavily braided. She ripped the silk braid from the edge, cut off the hood of the cloak and managed a triangular sail laced by the silk braid to mast and boom.

The boom was immobile and the only way she could sail was straight before the wind. If the wind shifted, she would shift with it. She had some slight control over the vessel with the helm, but that was all. It was noon when she finished her labors, but she was more than satisfied with what she had accomplished, for the cloak was big enough to give an appreciable way to the boat. She guessed it might be three or four knots an hour. That would be nearly 100 miles a day. She could eke out her provisions and water for five or six days longer and she could go without for two or three days after the last drop and morsel had vanished. Perhaps she might run down a habitable island in that time.

Possibly, although this possibility was more faint than the other, she might be seen by some vessel and picked up. At any rate, all she could do was done. She felt better, too, because she had made a human contribution to the determination of her fate. She was no longer absolutely at the play of chance. For five days she sailed steadily on, the breeze remaining even and holding unvaryingly true for that period. She learned the trick of lashing the wheel at night and so was able to take as much rest as her tired, worn and racked body permitted in the confinement of the little boat.

She had abundance of time for thought. Time was when she had reveled in such opportunities, but there was less enjoyment in the chances afforded her now. That she who had lived in the high realm of speculation should suddenly become a woman of action, fighting for life, struck her as a strange thing. Insensibly the conditions of her present existence modified her philosophy. It seemed different, a smaller thing. She was less sure and confident of herself alone in the great immensity than in the crowded city. There were no applauding thousands. She breathed no air of adulation. She was alone with her soul. The man who is alone always faces to face with God, though his eyes may be hidden so that he cannot see the Divine. It was so with this woman.

Never had she so craved other companionship. She would have been happy if she could have believed that there was a God, for had there been a God she would not have felt so deserted. So she fought on against her soul and her circumstances—a losing battle.

The sixth day opened dark and gloomy. The wind had risen during the night. The day broke heavily overcast. Even to her inexperience she could realize that a storm was at hand. She had seen nothing during the period; that is, nothing of which she could avail herself. Twice, once to starboard and another time to port, she had passed low lying islands, dim on the horizon. She had no way of checking the boat or of changing its course to run down either of them. She had to go on just as she was. She realized that she could never land unless she were driven directly upon some island that might lie in her course. She knew, too, that the chances that might happen were very remote. She had daily diminished the portion of food and drink she allotted to herself. She had husbanded everything with the utmost care. On the sixth day they were gone. She awoke with a frightful craving which intensified as the day drew on.

She was thankful for one thing that the sun was veiled, although she heat in the humid, heavy, overcast air was something almost unbearable. Under the freshening breeze the boat went much more swiftly than heretofore. She had that satisfaction, but she had the apprehension that if the wind grew any stronger her sail, serviceable as it had proved and stout as it was, would be torn to pieces. The silk braid had done splendid service, but she was marked that it was now strained to the breaking point. Again the helplessness of her position came upon her. She could not take down the sail. In the first place she was afraid to leave the helm and in the second place she realized that if she started to furl it she could only do so by cutting the lashing and at the first cut the whole thing would blow away. So she held on. There was nothing else to do.

The night fell in a burst of rain

which was most grateful to her, but which was a forecast of a fiercer blow, and at midnight the hurricane broke in full force upon the little boat. The first blast tore the sail from the lashings. By a lightning flash she caught a glimpse of it for a second, whirled away like a great bird. For some reason, perhaps because one or two shreds of cloth still clung to the mast, and perhaps because the broad blade of the oar offered some surface for the thrust of the wind, she was able by the exercise of constant vigilance and all the strength of which she was capable, to keep the boat before the wind. Hitherto she had had no idea of the violence of the wave motion. It was with difficulty that she kept herself from being dashed to pieces against the sides or hurled overboard in the mad whirling and plunging to which the launch was suddenly subjected. It was caught up by one wave after another and driven on for hours. She could not tell how long. She lost all consciousness of time and of everything else except that she must cling to the helm. The boat was still hurled forward. One great wave after another would seize her, uplift her and bear her on. The strain upon her arms was terrific. She locked her teeth and hung on, breathless, exhausted, yet determined.

But there was a limit to her powers and she felt that it had been reached. Yet she did not deliberately let go. One final and terrific heave jerked her away from the wheel. She fell sprawling in the bottom of the boat, but had sense enough to lock her hands around a thwart and lie there. The launch broached to in an instant. She was turned broadside to the waves. Fortunately she did not capsize instantly and the next breaker filled her. She lay, her gunwales flush with the water. Her motion was still violent, but less jerky. She was swept overboard by the vast undulations.

The indomitable woman clinging to the thwart managed to keep her head out of the water. She realized that that was the end and yet while she had a remainder of strength, while she could draw a flickering breath, she would not give up. The boat, being water-logged, did not pitch so much as before and she was able to maintain her hold, although every wave that broke over her drenched her again and again.

She wondered why the boat did not sink and then she realized that the empty gasoline tanks which she had closed and locked, prevented the final catastrophe; that the boat was in a certain sense a life boat; that it would float so long as the water pressure did not succeed in opening the tanks. Therefore, she was for the moment safe. The only immediate danger would be the capsize of the boat which would throw her out. Since the launch was already full of water the woman did not think this was likely to happen.

She held on, her vitality gradually growing weaker, hoping for the morning and an abatement of the storm. She had no idea of time, of course. She could not tell what the hour was. It was still dark, however, when a strange sound smote her ear. She heard it above the wild scream of the wind and the awful beat of the waves. It was a crashing sound, a battering sound, a fearful, protentious sound. The boat ran forward more swiftly now. She wondered the reason. Taking advantage of a brief lull, she abandoned her grip on the thwart and rose to her knees. Immediately in front of her she saw a white wall disclosed to her by the lightning flashes. She did not know what it was. The roaring sound came from thence. She was being borne rapidly toward it. She was nearing it with astonishing swiftness. The boat was moving more quickly now than at any time since she had been in it. At last it broke upon her consciousness that the white wall was a mass of foam; that the sea was crashing against some hidden shore and that great breakers were there.

The land that she had longed for indeed lay athwart her course. In another moment she would be in that mass of boiling foam. Well, she had fought a good fight. The end was at hand. With some instinct of the heroic, death would not find her lying down. Desperately she struggled to her feet and stood, balancing herself to the wild onward rush of the boat. The wall of foam was close at hand. For one second she threw out her arms and the next moment, with a crash which she could feel if not hear, the boat beneath her feet was lifted up and hurled on something fearfully solid. She was thrown through the air like a bolt from a cannon. A wave struck her in the back and beat her almost into insensibility. She was tossed and driven half unconscious over the space of shallow water and rolling sea upon a sandy shore. Blindly she crawled on. The waves seemed suddenly to have lost their power. She did not know that she had been thrown past a barrier reef and carried over a lagoon and dropped on a sea beach; that only the most unusual and gigantic waves could reach her, but she knew that she had little power to harm her. And so she crept desperately and doggedly on until she fell forward in the warm sand and lapsed into absolute and total unconsciousness.

CHAPTER IX.

Latent Passions.

The three years which had elapsed had made a vast change in the relations between the man and the woman. In the beginning and for a long time hers had been the dominant position. So absolutely had she ruled that to him she had been as a god. So entirely had he obeyed that to her he had been a devotee. Once she discovered his ductility and had begun to teach him, the relationships had commenced to change. Gradually each had recognized the humanity of the other. Together students they had naturally approached a common level. Every new knowledge she imparted to him

was an abdication of some of her supremacy. Every new knowledge he acquired was an inspiration to her high level.

Three years is a short time in the educational life of a human being, but she brought to her side of what was slowly developing into an equation the highest training, a natural ability to impart what she knew, an absolute devotion to the endeavor and an entire freedom from other interests. So fascinating had the experiment been that she had scarcely missed the rest of the world. I wonder if he had been a woman instead of a man if that absorption would have resulted from their intercourse?

On his part, he brought to bear upon the problem of learning, it was soon developed, an intellect which although entirely untrained was unusually acute, a faculty of acquiring knowledge as great as was her ability to impart it and a reasoning capacity which kept pace with his other qualities. Indeed, the main thing with which she had to contend at first was his lack of application. But so soon as he had learned enough to enable him to realize the importance of learning more she had no trouble on that score. It was as if a mature mind had been brought to bear upon the problems of adolescence. He grappled with things in that way. Whatever she taught him, he learned, he mastered all; and the mastery inspired him to learn more. His mnemonic ability was prodigious; for all the years of his life he had not been storing up the insignificant, the immaterial, the unnecessary, in his brain cells. He remembered all that she taught him with unvarying accuracy. His was a powerful, vigorous mentality which had known nothing and upon which she wrote what she pleased. To the judgment of a man he added the receptivity and ductility of a child.

She had taught him first of all to speak and then to read; then rudimentary mathematics such as he could



Driven On for Hours.

of the only recollection that remained to him. Her new belief, as has been said, was both joy and sorrow to her. Save for her experience in the ship she had been happier in her philosophy. She had suffered grievously through her trust in it and in man, but her consciousness that she was fundamentally right in her beliefs had consoled her. Now to feel that she had been wrong; that she had thrown away under the leading of a false light what she could never again—Ah, no Magdalene ever wept bitter tears at the feet of Jesus than this woman in her hours of solitude over her mistaken past, her loss and shame.

She had hours of solitude, too. Early in the life they lived, she had laid down certain regulations. He was in the formative period, then and had unhesitatingly acquiesced in them. So far those regulations had neither been abrogated by her nor broken by him. A cave upon the farther side of the island had been found and that was his home. They breakfasted together at a certain hour, which he told by means of the sun and she by her faithful watch. The morning was spent in study. In the afternoon they separated, each passing it in accordance with individual preference, but he rigorously kept to his side and she to her side of the island during the period. Certain dividing lines clearly established and understood marked which was his and which was hers. At supper time they met again and passed the time together in conversation until the rest period arrived. Things had to be this way else life would have been unendurable. They lived on the natural products of the island which were varied and sufficiently abundant to fulfill all dietetic requirements.

She had also taught him things not learned from books. Among them, truth, honor, duty and dignity—all the virtues. Her instruction had been—first, that which was natural—ethical, false conceptions, had branded herself forever. No, not in the eyes of that

God whom she had learned to fear, not in the eyes that Christ whom she had learned to love, but in the eyes of men; yet she was a woman who was pure in heart. Perhaps these thoughts and this consciousness had more to do with keeping her content even than her intense pre-occupation in the man and her work, for she realized what she would have to face if she went back to the world which had mocked her while it applauded her. That world, therefore, she now began to fear. The one being upon earth with whom she could be associated, who knew nothing about it, who could cast no stone at her, she realized was the man whom she had made, and this man looked to her almost as men look to the Divine. Yet she felt that some day he would have to tell him. Some day she would have to tell him. What then? That feeling was ever with her. She constantly asked herself that question and found no answer.

Indeed, it was he who had taught her the truth of Christ. She had not been able, she had felt a strange unwillingness, if indeed it were possible, to break down the lingering remains of faith in that man. That babble of childish prayer had, in some strange way, caught her heart strings. It was the one memory of intelligence that had remained to him. Now that he was capable of expression, again and again he had told her of the dim recollection of a long voyage in an open boat with a woman and some animal, which she knew must be the dog. He could remember nothing of the intercourse between him and that woman except that she had been good to him—sometimes that is as much as the wisest recall of a mother—and that she had taught him and made him say always that prayer whose coherence and meaning to her intense surprise she found herself imparting to him. And she could not make up her mind to take from him the reality

he, and she washed white she hoped and prayed in spite of spots, they lived a life of idyllic innocence. Yet because he was a man and she was a woman, strange fires glowed beneath the outward calm, strange ideas and desires and thoughts rose from both hearts. This was inevitable. Her original relation to the man had been one of so great superiority as to be fatal to the early development of any feeling but the maternal. Even now she possessed the superiority which association with her kind, her longer training and her greater opportunities had given her. And yet she could only recognize that to the impartial view considering his abilities and opportunities he stood quite on a level with her. Perhaps had he enjoyed her chances he might have stood higher.

She began to idealize him, to dream about him, to wonder. She trembled on the verge of passion. She knew his to be a brilliant mind. She divined his to be a knightly soul. Physically, in face and figure, no more splendid man, untrammelled by base convention, ever stood upon the earth's surface. Grace and strength mingled in harmony that was as striking as it was full of charm. She had no opportunity to test his courage, for no physical danger ever menaced them. But she believed in his manhood thoroughly.

The woman had had bitter experience with love. Following what she believed to be the highest inspiration she had wrecked her life and brought herself to this pass. The revolt in her soul at the thought of the man who had so degraded her, or who had so taken advantage of her ignorance and innocence—the more complete since they were covered by a confidence of knowledge and sophistication—as to allow her to degrade herself, convinced her that what she had mistaken for divine light was only a false fire, an ignis fatuus which had led her into the marsh and slough of slime and shame. She loathed the thought of that man. She had loathed, when she had been thrown upon that island, the thought of all men. This one had given back her confidence in her kind. Yet sometimes she wondered whether that confidence were warranted or not because of him. Suppose he should come in touch with the world, what would happen? Was he, too, capable of breaking a woman's heart? Would he do it? Was her heart? What would the sordid touch of the sordid conditions under which life was lived, as she had known it, do for him? Would he still be unspotted? Would he think her the same? She had taught him many things. But how should he learn to fight temptations, temptations with which he had no experience, which never came to him, she fondly dreamed.

Yet she had confidence in him. She had confidence in God, and we cannot have confidence in God without some confidence in man. The converse, too, is true. Therefore she believed, she was confident that he would rise supreme in the face of every test. She wondered if the test would ever be applied to him, if she would be there to see. She found herself praying for affirmation in both matters. Her belief in him would only be belief founded upon hope until he had been tried. There was a doubt about him that must be resolved; she must resolve it! She could never be satisfied, in spite of her belief, until she had done so. The very fact that she thought so keenly upon the subject; that she was so interested and engrossed in the situation was evidence to her that she cared more for the man than she had dreamed it possible.

And what of him? For once her intuition failed her. She wanted to see him tested and tried; she wanted to see him tempted and triumphant, but he was all of that in those very hours in which she fancied him so unthinking. It never occurred to her that he might entertain an earthly passion for her. She still, from ancient habit, believed herself so far above him that such an ambition would have been little less than sacrilege to him. She lulled herself to sleep with that idea. She believed, she knew, of course, that all that was needed was a suggestion from her. To love is the lot of man. This man had seen no other than her. If she said the word, it would be accomplished. She held the only key to his heart; her hand could unlock it on the instant. She forgot the master key and the Master Hand.

He had controlled that strange



trembling that used to take him whenever he touched her, but she could feel his pulse beat and throb when by chance there was any contact even of the casual between them. Sometimes he had asked her strange questions which she had put by, and sometimes she caught him looking at her in strange ways that sent the blood to her skin, and sometimes turned her pale. Yet she lived in the fool's paradise. She did not awake to the possibilities of that which she had made him because her apprehension of him had not kept pace with his apprehension of her. To her he was still in some degree the creature that he had been and sometimes she thought upon her growing love for him with a feeling of shame as if it were a concession, a derogation.

She did not know what blood was leaping in the veins of the man and how he taught himself, because she had instilled in him honor and decency and Christlike self control, to repress these things. She did not know how much faster he had learned certain things than she had intended. She did not know how instinctively he had leaped to conclusions which she imagined were still latent in his mind. This was a good man, this was an honest man, this was a gentleman, this was a Christian man. There was no question about his faith. It was as simple and abiding as it was sincere. The early Christians who had been brought in personal touch with the Master and his men were not more faithful, acceptant and devoted. Yet this was a very human man in spite of all these things, a man of splendid vigor and health with all a man's impulses, hopes, dreams and aspirations. And he loved her.

He, too, sat upon the white sands of the gemlike island and looked out



She Had Confidence in God.

into the far blue of the Pacific washing the distant shores and lands peopled with strange creatures of history and romance and he, too, wondered. He had had no experience with men and the world and he longed to get away and to take her away.

She had long since discovered that he was a gentleman, an innate gentleman; that he had been well born, and she had seen to it herself that he had been well bred. Yet no mortal man ever went through greater fires of unknown and mysterious temptations than he. He forced himself not to speak words that burned. He checked the free course of thoughts that bubbled and seethed within his brain, and the relationship between them remained that of mistress and man, teacher and taught, friend and friend. It was he who so maintained it, though of this she was unaware.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fearful Shock Daughter.
"Your honor," said the attorney for the lady, "I ask the court to have the plaintiff's daughter removed from the courtroom."

"And why do you prefer this extraordinary request, Mr. Cooke?" the judge inquired.

"Because," said the lawyer, "I am about to ask my client to state her age."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Owl Houses Without Lining

One Peculiarity of Bird That Looks to Be the Wisest of the Feathered Tribe.

Owl's houses are for the most part quite without lining. Whether from design or pure laziness, the bones and skulls of small animals which they have killed are left scattered about the floor. Growsome playthings for the owl children! But one can scarcely imagine even a baby owl being anything but wise and dignified. It is easier to picture them apparently gravely musing on these skulls like monks in their dark cells.

Since so many of the owls have their homes in hollow trees, we might expect some of their near relatives, the hawks, to be inclined to live in the same way. One of them, the little sparrow hawk, does nest in the flicker's abandoned home and in comfortable hot holes. Once I found him quartered snugly in a branch which had decayed at the end where part

had been broken off. This bird, too, is satisfied with perfectly bare walls and floor, though the floor consists of small chips left by the decaying wood or by some woodpecker.—St. Nicholas Magazine.

Where the Emeralds Come From.

Columbia, South America, controls the world's market for emeralds as completely as the South African syndicate does for diamonds. It is from the mines high up in the Colombian Andes that most of the emeralds come. The Colombian government has leased its most valuable mines to an English syndicate, with the understanding that it is to sell at least \$250,000 in emeralds a year for 20 years, giving the government a percentage. The largest and most valuable emerald in the world belongs to the duke of Devonshire. It is a perfect six-sided crystal and weighs ninety ounces.

Happenings From Over The State

I. O. O. F. INSTALLS OFFICERS.

Missouri Lodge to Meet in Jefferson City in 1911.

Columbia.—Jefferson City was named as the next meeting place of the grand lodge of the Odd Fellows, which adjourned its session to convene on the third Tuesday in next May.

Grand Instructor G. M. Pritchett of Webb City was continued for another year at a salary of \$2,400. Rev. A. M. Dockery of Springfield was elected grand master for the ensuing year. A. M. Dockery and S. F. Clark were elected trustees of the grand lodge. Past President Minnie E. Key was elected an advisory member of the home board.

The following officers were installed: A. M. Dockery, grand master; John H. Bryant, deputy grand master; J. W. Wilkerson, grand secretary; Charles F. Vogel, grand treasurer; grand representatives, short term, D. E. Bird.

The following officers were installed by the Rebekah assembly: Susie Moyer, Sedalia, president; Iona Sullivan, Kansas City, vice-president; Della Overjohn, Brookfield, warden; Bessie Bright, Pierce City, treasurer; Allie Poundstone, Joplin, secretary.

ODD FELLOWS IN CONVENTION.

Five Thousand See Chivalry Degree Conferred at Columbia.

Columbia.—More than a thousand Odd Fellows attended the annual convention of the order. During a street parade a large delegation of Rebekahs occupied places of honor in automobiles.

The degree of chivalry was conferred in the presence of 5,000 spectators, upon Belle Seaman, Luray; Etta McClure, Walnut Grove; Lillian Larned, Salisbury; Lavinia Allen, Bethany; Elizabeth May, Aurora; E. Hayden Thompson, Winona; Emma Kelley, Grain; Addie Seelert, Kansas City; Bette Hagan, Charleston; Hatie Douglas, Fredericktown, and Malinda Adams of Adrain.

The oldest Rebekah in Missouri, if not in the United States, Mrs. Rhodes Mulford of St. Louis, who is 82 years old, and chaplain of the Rebekahs of Missouri, is attending the meetings. This is the twenty-sixth Odd Fellows and Rebekah convention she has attended.

REFORMATORY IS NEEDED.

Hadley Will Ask Legislature for Appropriation for State Building.

Jefferson City.—Governor Hadley says he will ask the next legislature for an appropriation for a state reformatory. Since his visit to the Booneville reformatory school for boys he is more strongly impressed than ever with the idea that the state stands sorely in need of an institution where the more hopeful class of men convicted of felonies may be confined and separated from hardened criminals.

While at Booneville the governor had a long talk with Major C. C. McClurg, superintendent of the state reformatory school for boys. Plans for a state reformatory were discussed. Major McClurg expressed the opinion that with the material and labor that could be supplied at the reformatory school, an appropriation of perhaps less than \$75,000 would be sufficient to construct a building for the accommodation of 600 to 700 men.

WILL ASSESS RAILROADS.

State Board of Equalization Will Fix Valuation for Taxes for Year.

Jefferson City.—The state board of equalization took up the assessment of railroad, street railway, telegraph, telephone and bridge property for the present year's taxes. The valuations will be fixed upon the assumed worth of the property June 1, 1909.

The board requires all the public-service corporations to file statements with the state auditor as to property values. These reports have been received.

BLUE LAW VIOLATORS FREE.

Webb City Attorney Will Not Prosecute Sunday Workmen.

Webb City.—In an effort to enforce the blue laws, an organization known as the citizens' committee caused the arrest of two theater proprietors, a soda fountain man, a cigar store owner, a newspaper editor and a drugist, charged with employing labor on Sunday. The city attorney, S. W. Bates, who was elected on a reform ticket, declined to prosecute the cases on the ground that they were inspired by the wets in retaliation, because the saloons have been closed by the local option law.

Hessian Fly in Missouri Wheat.
Columbia.—The Hessian fly is doing considerable damage to wheat in southwestern Missouri, according to a report by the state board of agriculture. The crops' conditions for the state is estimated to be 70 1/2 per cent, a gain of 3 points over last month.

Admiral Sebree Visits Brother.
Springfield.—Rear Admiral Uriel Sebree, retired, arrived in Springfield to visit his brother, George M. Sebree. The Springfield club entertained him with a banquet.

Rifle Range for Missouri Infantry.
Joplin.—Col. W. A. Rupp of Pierce City, commanding the Second regiment of Missouri Infantry, has ordered the militia companies of Webb City, Carthage and Joplin to select a rifle range to be used jointly by them.

Missourian Wins Scholarship.
Columbia.—The scholarship in American citizenship offered by the Missouri Society of Colonial Dames of America, in the University of Missouri, has been awarded to Selwyn D. Collins of Harrisonville, Mo.